The Birds Lamentation.

When Birds could ſpeak, and Women they
Had neither Good nor Bad to ſay,
The pretty Birds then fill'd with pain,
Did to each other thus complain.
To the Tune of The Bird-catcher's Delight.

Oh! ſays the Cuckoo loud and ſtout,
I flye the Country round about,
While other Birds my young ones feed,
And I my ſelf do ſtand in need.

Then ſaid the Sparrow on her Neſt,
I lov'd a Laſs but it was in jeſt,
And ever ſince that ſelf ſame thing,
I made a vow I ne'er would ſing.

Then ſaid the Black-bird as ſhe fled,
I loved one, but ſhe is dead;
And ever ſince my Love I do lack,
This is the cauſe I mourn in black.

Oh! ſays the Water-wag-tail then
I ne'er ſhall be my ſelf again,
I loved one, but could not prevail,
And this is the cauſe that I wag my Tail.

Then did begin the chattering Swallow,
My Love ſhe is fled but I would not follow,
And now upon the Chimney high
I ſing forth my poor Melody.

Oh! ſays the Rook, and eke the Crow,
The reaſon why in Black we go,
It is becauſe we are forlook,
Come pity us poor Crow and Rook.

Oh! says the Owl that flies by Night,
I have quite lost my hearts delight,
But since my love is gone away,
I never fly out in the day.

Oh! says the squeaking little Thresh,
my sorrows now begin afresh;
For my poor Lover grows exceeding proud,
and that is the cause that I squeal so loud.

Oh! says the Robin Red-breast, when
you do me see, conclude it then
The cold hard Winter's drawing nigh,
which makes me towards the Houses fly.

Oh! says the pretty Skie-Lark, I
up to the Element do fly;
I lost my Love that caus'd my pain,
and strive to sing it away in vain.

Oh! says the little Titty-mouse,
in secret holes I keep my House,
Where mournfully I do complain,
and curse my Lover's rash disdain.

Oh! says the Bull finch mind my moan,
like my great loss you ne'er had none;
Then to my Lamentation heark,
as I sit singing in the dark.

Oh! says the Magpye what's the matter
that you admire me when I chatter?
I lost my Love and dearest Mate,
I think 'tis then high time to prate.

Oh! says the Jack daw I'm perplext,
I lost my Love, and am strangely vext;
And now I am forc'd to lodge in Straw
most people still call me Jack-daw.

Oh! says the Gold finch mind me well,
while my sad story I do tell,
It often puts me in a rage,
to see me penn'd up in a Cage.

Oh! says the pretty little Linnet,
I loved well, but the duce was in it,
For I'm forsook for good and all,
though oft in vain on him I call.

Oh! says the pretty Nightingale,
come listen a while unto my Tale;
While other Birds do sleep, I mourn,
leaning my Breast against a Thorn.

When they had mourn'd thus every one,
telling the cause they made such moan;
All of a sudden away they flew,
and ne'er so much as said adieu.

But I suppose to their Nests they went,
to sleep all night was their intent;
But when the morning came again,
then they began for to complain.

FINIS.

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